

the life of a man: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe, Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come, brother John, full brauely hast thou flesht Thy mayden sword.

*John.* But soft, whom haue we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eie-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies  
Without our cares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Falst.* No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why, Percy I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was hee, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John,  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,  
Ile giue it with the happiest termes I haue.

*A retraite is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet sounds retrait, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewards me,  
God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly as a noble man should doe. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lorde John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke.

Illspirited Worcester, did not we send grace,  
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had been aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to:  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.

*King.* Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
Other offenders we will pause vpon.  
How goes the field?

*Prin.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slaine, and all his men  
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent  
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.*